

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, DEVOTED TO SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865. VOL. 1.—NO. 8.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Nature's Gospel. BY D. ANDREWS DAVIS.

There's not an orb that rolls in space, but like an angel sings... May we not heed that blessed creed... That utters its declaration... By a kindly deed, to a soul in need...

between cause and effect, turns these over within itself for a time, then hands them over to the general fund of knowledge, which is made up of any information that is common to any two or more of the faculties... We have seen numerous illustrations of the truth of the old adage that "in union there is strength," not only on the physical plane, but as we go up to the mental and moral.

between these they combine and coalesce, and are forever afterwards one and indivisible. It is by this union that the immortality of the mental organism of man is guaranteed and established. After this has occurred, the next step, which also occurs at variable and indefinite periods, is to find a properly impregnated germ in the human species; in this act, as well as in the development of the physical body, the mental organism plays the most active and important part.

heads, in our view, those divine sparks which have entered conscious life in the human form, or are yet to enter the arena of human life, and build up for themselves those forms which shall give them consciousness and a knowledge of their own self-consciousness which is the basis of immortality and eternal life.

The Arts in China. They have manufacturers of false ones in China, but none of false teeth. There are practitioners who profess to cure the toothache instantaneously, and people worthy of credit have assured me they succeed in doing so. The works of the European dentists are among the most admired examples of the skill of foreigners.

NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF FERDINAND DE SOTO WITH AN ACCOUNT OF SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE. BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D., No. 634 BACK STREET, PHILADELPHIA. CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.) But to return to the consideration of the mental organism. We will now endeavor to give our idea of the nature and functions of a single organ of the mind.

Of the nature and character of the soul we are yet to speak; but we will now proceed with our recapitulation. The second divine idea in man is his mental organism, and to give our views of the nature of divine ideas we will explain our perception of human thoughts and ideas.

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A Traveling Companion. I once had a delightful opportunity of observing the effect on persons of all classes and all ages by the union of beauty and goodness in a lovely young lady who traveled with me through France, Switzerland and Italy.

WONDERS OF OLD TIME.—Nineveh was fourteen miles long, and forty-six miles round, with a wall one hundred feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was fifty miles within the wall, which were seventy-five feet thick and one hundred feet high.

Letter from H. T. Child, M. D.

Miss Lizzie Doten has just concluded a very interesting course of lectures in our city, to large audiences than ever assembled regularly in our hall.

"As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." Deut. xxxi. 26. I have the bright celestial shores, And seek the homes of earth once more,

I questioned why a God of power, Should give me suffering for my power? Why, who, and want, and war, should reign?

Oh, ye, who 'mid earth's shadows roam, Seeking for your blissful spirit home, Through storm and darkness, shining far

Deeper than all external things— Than riches with their gilded wings— Than "love, too oft a poisoned dart,"

"The End Not Seen."

Oh! never yet was a great work By mortal shaped alone— Some other hand will guide the spire

Many men dedicate business to the devil, and politics to the devil, and shove religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical out-goings of their leisure and laziness.

Landmarks of the Old Theologies—No. 6.

Seeing how the ancient religions were fashioned, in the principles of Freemasonry with the non-symbolic of the hidden wisdom of God, a wisdom in mundane and trans-mundane discoveries, how utterly has the later mind been fed upon the husks or excels of the old mysteries by our church theologians—the pulpits stuff of a commercial clergy.

Brother James is a heretical or come-outer Swedenborgian, but at the same time is very much infolded by the Swedenborgianism, and very much of his teachings as consonant with the modern spiritual unfolding, we are very far from agreeing with friend James that Swedenborg was a correct reader of the Biblical Word or symbols; but on the contrary, that he widely failed in this direction.

The true symbolism of the Bible, as we are all along seeing, is Masonic. The Word is multifold in aspect through astronomic, anatomic, physiologic, and agricultural relations, and all interblended with the spiritual revelations of Impressional and trance inspirations, and through all the various degrees of medium or seer, as in the more popular religion, when "beforetime in Israel," when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake, come and let us go to the seer; "for he a prophet now was beforetime called a seer."

Oliver, commenting on the emblematic adhesion of the master to the sun and moon, says: "Hence we find that the master's authority in the lodge is despotic as the sun in the firmament, which was placed there by the Creator, never to deviate from its accustomed course." So, too, says Mackey in the lodge: "The east is the seat of light and of authority. It is the station of the worshipful Master."

The purification of waters was about to cease, thus making cleanliness the immediate precedent of godliness. Job's sin is recounted to him in the degree of the flood by the master Mason, Eliphaz, who informs him that for his shortcomings "therefore snares are round about thee, and sudden fear troubleth thee, or darkness thou canst not see, and abundance of waters cover thee."

These memorable lines are the text from which I propose to preach a sermon, short, and to the point. Recently I have had to pass an examination before a Board as to whether or not I knew enough to be competent to instruct a school of colored children, and it came after nearly a year's successful teaching. At its close it was decided that I might continue in the same line of duty—as I take it, a noble one.

Oh! the rapture of that meeting— Of that blessed spirit-greeting— Is unknown to mortals. They can never, Till they pass the dark, deep river That divides this world forever From the spirits' own.

MULTIPLICATION.—And this brings me to multiplication, which is a good thing in good deeds, figures, acts of mercy, smiles, pleasantries, and brotherly affections; but very bad when applied to the increase of bitterness, injustice, rascality, seductions, hatreds, murders, wars, and, last and greatest, religious sects, and what springs from their creation.

Of course it is when it causes trouble in church, state or family; but it is very good when we divide our best thoughts, good offices, kind words, good spirits, and better deeds, our surplus loves, clothes, lands, dollars, smiles, encouragements and pleasantness, charities and hopes, with those who need them. It is a splendid thing to live for those who love and even hate us, to divide the labors of the oppressed, and to put joy into human life as often as we possibly can.

There was a covenant of entrance among the ancient Hebrews, cemented by slaying an animal, dividing it in two parts, and placing these north and south so that the parties to the covenant might pass between them from east to west; while it might be supposed that the four angels of Job, standing on the four corners of the earth holding the four winds, were the witnesses to the sum of the matters in the sweet-smelling savors which ascended to the Lord.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. RANDOLPH'S LETTERS—No. 4. A LATTER DAY SERMON. Multiplication is vexation; Division is as bad; The rule of three doth puzzle me, And fractions drive me mad.

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parties and castes, based on wealth or anything else, save health and disease, for every bad person is sick.

"The rule of three doth puzzle me." And so it has myriads of others. A man may well try to convince me that he can put a quart of milk into a pint bottle, as that one God is three Gods or three Gods one, or that the Father and Son mutually begot each other. Our Father is a unit; so is our mother (Nature), and they twain begot man, and nature and protect him now. Three balls are not one ball, nor one dollar three dollars; and yet the race who date their faith from Bethlehem have been damning each other roundly during all these years, because they couldn't understand how God has ever been an indivisible unity, wholly, solely and only God, from everlasting to everlasting. What's the reason? Look at my school—the Lloyd Garrison school; it has a B. E. geanty who believe all you tell them, and will until arithmetical practice develops the ability to reason independently, when up they go to the intermediate class, and hurry on to grammar. Well, the world of Christianity has had theology on the brain, and gone as it was blown. The present world is seeing the mistake, and is rapidly enshrining Jesus in the heart, where he ought to be; hence comes the cry to put quarts into pint pots, forgets to wrangle about the Trinity, and seeks to go to heaven all the time by doing right, avoiding wrong and living usefully, which brings me to say that

Especially infractions of the golden rule, the fractional worship of fractional gods, fractional religions, philosophy, charity, love, mercy, forbearance. The whole unit or none, is the true motto. God is a unit; so should man be, and so he will be by-and-by. It makes me feel bad to see and hear a man profess Christ, and stab Christ all the while by tearing his character to pieces, defaming some one, despoiling some poor girl for the single sin himself is guilty of fifty times a year. Finally, let us multiply our good works. Divide our labors and our sympathies with all. Let us follow the rule of three in all we do, going from good to better and to best, in love, will, wisdom, truth, beauty, use, and henceforth strive to make the race a unit by totally abolishing all fractions and fractionalisms, seeking to consolidate the species into one unbroken unit, one brotherhood, one God, Father, bent on achieving one universal good. So mote it be. P. B. E.

Letter from Mrs. Ballou.

MANKATO, MINN., Oct. 25, 1865. DEAR JOURNAL.—To-day's mail brought the chery Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of the RELIGIO. I like the introductory sheets. They are full of rich gems of thought from the hearts we have loved in the progressive journals these years past; and from some newer names less familiar. They all illumine the dark niches in human tenements, bringing food to the starving, raiment to those who shiver in their outgrown garments. Angels bless them ever. The expression of the few subscribers here is like an applause.

On these wide prairies, almost on the verge of civilization, when the blade of the tomahawk of the hostile Indian marauders is scarce dry from the blood of the murdered innocents, the waves of the light come flooding in, like incense from bruised flowers. Six months ago, so unpopular was Spiritualism among the masses here, that men of influence and business, Judas-like, denied—if not their Christ—then their neighbor and friend. But the light of truth cannot be hid, and by accident, as it were, some "leaked it out," while a few others, catching a glimpse of the shadow of a glimmer, in winning the sympathy of kindred faith, conspired to ask aid of a fellow servant.

The Banner of Light was consulted, mine was the address chosen, and a letter came to me with the words "We dare not even hold a private sitting or circle; our numbers are too weak, and we have no medium among us; what shall we do?" To which I replied: "Hundreds have fallen when truth had fewer defenders than now. Never claim your right to accept a principle as yours, until you are willing to defend it and sustain its advocates. There are mediums among you; get together and they will develop; open your circles to earnest seekers, and you will be astonished at your numbers."

The result was quickly a pressing request that I should come over and help them. Accordingly, in March last, the first Spiritual lecturer made a toilsome journey by cars, steamer and stage to the interior of Minnesota. I have not space or time to here enumerate the many questions highly ludicrous which were on the lips of the curious, as to the peculiarities of the species to which I belonged, etc. But as I traveled "incog,"—just like any other lady—I amused myself by the hour (it was known on the whole stage route, a distance of one hundred miles when my arrival was expected,) with such remarks as "Free Lover," "Woman Preacher," "Strong minded Women," "Short dresses," etc., etc. On one occasion as the stage halted, a stout, burly, red-faced representative of man peered in and asked if the one who claims my address was within? I replied: "Her remains are here." He evidently mistook what I meant, as the jaded and wearied portion of myself for a portable ghost, that could at will be the receptacle for any amount of departed spirits, for he vanished instantaneously, and has to this day been invisible, save to my mirth-loving perceptions.

But I am wandering, and shall "lose the drift." After my first lecture, notwithstanding the rain and wind, the audiences were, during my two weeks stay, large, and the interest intense. After two months spent at my home in Wisconsin—by the urgent request of the good friends, I accepted their kind invitation to be one among them. The minds throughout this great West, in this and other places where I have lectured, strongly savor of liberality. The future is not far distant when the reform laborer will find a rich harvest in the rapidly growing demands of Minnesota. Welcome! then JOURNAL, to her broad prairies.

Our regular place of worship is a large hall, now under completion, where we shall hold two meetings each Sabbath. My prayer is for physical strength to do my share in the great works planned for the coming years. At the present I am in feeble health; when I am a little stronger, I shall try to add to your list of subscribers. From time to time in the cause, ADDIE L. BALLOU.

A FREEMAN'S PRAYER.—"O Massa Jesus! we's jes like little birds, sittin' on de edge ob de nest wid our beaks open; now, Jes gib us what you will!" For the second time within the past five years a Hebrew has been elected Lord Mayor of London. A man who doesn't advertise his business is almost as mean as one who does advertise his wile. The cholera is disappearing from Turkey and Spain, but its appearance is looked for in England. Barium offered \$100 for the pillow upon which President Lincoln died.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Appreciation.

BY HENRY TOTTIE.

In a far-off German country Lived a discontented groan...

"Ah," she sighed, "these cruel people Scarcely hearken to my lay...

"I will go where Art is higher, And they know what made it!

While upon the skirts of morning Lingered yet a sun-shine glow...

Long before the mid-day parted In the shadows of the vine...

So she turned her voice, expectant Of the praise she should hear...

"One man's word is nothing," thought she; "I will recede the poor...

"Good Lord save us!" cried the burgher, "From another song like this...

"Worse and worse!" the poor goose murmured, "I was better liked at home...

Is Whatever is, Right?

We answer, that "whatever is, is right" in accordance with the law that governs it...

Now when we say that, Whatever is, is right, in accordance with the law that produced it...

Now let us look for a moment and see what the friends of this movement are saying and doing...

Rather let us accept what is daily becoming a more self-evident theory, "that chaos (or matter, if you please) is the original condition...

J. B. CLIFTON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The Spiritual Movement.

BY I. REIN.

At the risk of some rough handling from over-zealous friends in the ranks of the Spiritualists, it may not be amiss to submit a few suggestions...

Of sects Heaven knows we have had enough, and that the earth, too, may learn this lesson, is devoutly to be wished...

We make loud professions as to the anti-sectarian character of our spiritual faith; talk and write eloquently in defence of its Catholic spirit...

It does not seem to be my duty, or even privilege, to pass judgment upon the notions of mankind, further than to say that, primarily, they are all good enough...

It is familiar knowledge that "Spiritualism" comprehends those who have come from every religious faith, as well as those of no faith at all...

Through the reformatory spirit of the new philosophy, we have gained, also, many accessions from the various fields of reform; and hence there are temperance Spiritualists, vegetarian Spiritualists...

Running through all this rubbish, however, and in a soil more or less pre-occupied, is a stream of pure crystal water for the healing of the nations...

It is not for the purpose of complaining of these things just now, that reference is made to them. They are the legitimate outgrowths of existing causes...

Now let us look for a moment and see what the friends of this movement are saying and doing. I say friends, because they are such in purpose...

"Good gracious!" says Mrs. Grundy, "and are we to approve of all these wicked and absurd things that are done in the name of our cause?"

Now this leads to a consideration of the nature, sphere and spirit of this great Spiritual movement, which is the point of this essay.

nomens of spirit-intercourse do not constitute the movement, but only the agents of its progress...

That such is the pith of the whole matter, is not to be mistaken. Our literature abounds with the declarations of this fact. Scarcely a lecture is delivered from our rostrum, in which this truth is not directly or indirectly affirmed...

We are ready to take back our declaration of liberty, and wallow again in the mire of authority? Or shall we vindicate it still, in the face of every perversion and every foe?

The right of private judgment! What does it mean? Has it any significance, if those who exercise it do so at the penalty of their reputation and usefulness?

"But the world does not understand us," we are told. That may be, but there never was a better time than the present to begin the work of tuition...

Our judgment in the case may, after all, be the faulty one, since perfect knowledge is not the heritage of man. It must be taught, moreover, that where this liberty exists there also exists the responsibility...

There is another lesson which our philosophy proposes to teach mankind, and that is that the moral status of a soul does not so much depend upon what it believes, as upon the faithfulness of that soul to that which it does believe...

Every institution, religious, political, or social, will, upon analysis, reveal a central thought, as the magnet around which all else clusters...

The remarkable and famous octogenarian seeress, Sojourner Truth, who has been and now is employed in the Freedmen's Hospital at Washington...

and amid the work of disintegration the language-makers stand appalled, as well they may. It is a pioneer movement, the spirit and office of which, thus far, has been to clear the ground of the thistles and guarded oaks which encumbered it...

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Slavery and the Negro.

I have spent the last two Sundays, and lectured in Wilmington, Delaware, it being my first visit and lecture in that State, and in the city where Spiritualism is awakening quite an interest...

Philadelphia, Oct. 30, 1865. WARREN CHASE.

From the London Spiritual Times.

Visit of Prince Albert from the Spirit-World.

SIR:—At the beginning of last year I was almost daily in communication with the spirit-world. On one occasion I said to my principal communicant, "Do you see the great men who have lived on the earth?"

"It is very kind of you all to learn to sing to me; you did it very nicely indeed. ALBERT OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTA, died at WINDSOR CASTLE in 1861."

After a few remarks concerning Spiritualism, in which the Prince expressed himself greatly interested, and which he said, would be greatly gratified to see me, he said, "I have since seen this table, which weighs about a hundred-weight, raised in the air by spirit power."

I remain, yours faithfully, ROBERT COOPER.

Eastbourne, Oct. 8, 1865.

Andrew Jackson.—The Union must and shall be preserved.

Andrew Johnson.—The Union must and shall be restored.

Extracts from Private Letters.

John Brown, Jr., in speaking of our JOURNAL, writes: How noble the stand this paper takes in behalf of the Freedmen, and for humanity in general.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, writing from Houlton, Maine, says: The "JOURNAL" were duly received, and read with pride and pleasure.

To the Editors of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

I was for several years a reader of the Herald of Progress, and deeply regretted its suspension; but ever since then I have felt that we ought to have a FREE JOURNAL in the West.

I have from boyhood believed in the fact of intercourse between people who have passed beyond the veil, and those who are still on this side of it.

But I was educated in the old theology, and I believed it as we believe all things in childhood—because we are taught.

Kendallville, Ind., Nov. 10, 1865.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.—A New Zealander must be the most remarkable creature in existence. He combines every characteristic of the wild beast with the faculties of civilized man.

Queen Isabella, of Spain, has given another instance of generosity. Some time ago she relinquished a portion of her income in consequence of the low state of the public exchequer.

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

OFFICE, 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Geo. H. Jones, Secretary. S. B. Jones, President.

For terms of subscription see Prospectus on eighth page.

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On subscribing for the Journal, state the number of the paper at which you wish to commence.

Love and Wisdom.

An ancient sage said, "Wisdom is the head of the universe; he might well have added, Love is the heart. Love is the heart, Wisdom is the head."

Wisdom has grown gray in devising ways and means for redeeming man. It has planned prisons, fashioned muskets, pointed daggers, peered through key-holes, reported secret things in public places.

The keepers of Sing-Sing once declared it wise to administer corporal punishment. Some years since, three thousand lashes with a cat of nine-tails were inflicted in a single month.

The Bible does not teach immortality, and yet we find in the Old Testament, these words, "Like the dew that descended upon Hermon, where the Lord pronounced the blessing—even life forevermore."

In the account which Moses gives, it is evident that he was a medium for spirit power. He went up to the Mountain of God, even Horeb, and there he had a manifestation, similar to those which many have experienced to-day.

Those who are familiar with Baron Reichenbach's experiments in relation to od force will recognize this phenomenon. We have seen the life principle as it is manifested in a tree producing just such phenomena as are described in Exodus iii. ch., 2d verse, etc.

Moses was also a magician, having learned these arts of the Egyptians. But, like all magicians, ancient and modern, he was aided by the spirits around him.

No one who accepts the record, can doubt that Moses was a writing medium—whether unconscious or not, we cannot say, but he was evidently one of the best of his time.

The account of the creation must be derived from some spirit who has lived on some other planet, or it can only be a theory. Moses' standard of morality may have entitled him to the name of "holy" and "meek" in the age in which he lived, though he was a thief and a murderer.

His inspirations, on a scientific and natural plane, are of no more value than those of any other person, and if they do not correspond with the facts in nature, which they attempt to describe, they are not reliable, and no reasonable person can accept them for a guide.

The inspirations of Moses, in regard to the creation, have been changed from time to time, to suit the stern and inevitable demands of science and philosophy.

Wisdom builds her house, but Love warms, feeds

and clothes the infant. Wisdom warms the hearth, Love the heart. Wisdom lays well to her ways, lays broad and strong foundations, cautiously evades the pit-falls and sand-bars; Love is a little near-sighted, confiding, ingenuous.

The Bible and Spiritualism.—No. 1.

The position taken by many of the liberal minds of the day, that the Bible is an inspired record of events—mixed, however, with mere human records, and in both parts liable to error—is one of the most encouraging features of our times.

We accept this position, and while we yield to every individual, the right to judge what is divinely inspired or written by holy men, as they are moved by holy spirits, we claim the right to do the same ourselves.

The position which we, as Spiritualists, must occupy, is not only this, for while we tolerate this liberty, we must respect those who honestly differ from us.

When the Friends attempted to stop a deluded individual from speaking in meeting by carrying him out, he raised a smile in the congregation by saying, "My master rode on one jackass, but I have two."

As Spiritualists, we have learned to look upon the Bible from a very different stand-point; the light of modern Spiritualism has furnished a key to many of the remarkable events of Scripture.

The Bible does not teach immortality, and yet we find in the Old Testament, these words, "Like the dew that descended upon Hermon, where the Lord pronounced the blessing—even life forevermore."

All along the records we find numerous manifestations of od force, which can only be understood by comparison with similar manifestations, as they occur in our midst to-day.

To-day, many persons attribute to spirits that which human agency is entirely competent to produce; but we ask for no higher cause than the phenomena require.

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Eddy's Seance.

Mr. Eddy continues to hold seances at No. 51 Reynolds's Block, (2d floor), next building north of the Post Office, on Dearborn street, Chicago—every evening.

Mr. Eddy went into his cabinet, a plain wooden structure, somewhat resembling a wardrobe—with folding doors, large enough to enclose nearly the whole front of the cabinet.

As soon as Mr. Eddy had seated himself in the cabinet, the doors were closed, and in a few seconds the rope, which was in the cabinet at the time Mr. Eddy took his seat, was heard whipping about inside the cabinet, and in the space of three minutes more, the doors of the cabinet were thrown open, when Mr. Eddy was found to be securely tied.

Then came very remarkable tests. A lady's muff was taken from her arm and put upon Mr. Eddy's arm, above where his hands were tied, in a few moments.

There were many other manifestations of a minor character. The foregoing facts we unhesitatingly vouch for as coming within our own observation.

While these physical manifestations are interesting as evidence of a power to control and move ponderable substances, they not only reach the sense of feeling, as hands were frequently shown through the diamond hole in the door, but also the sense of touch, as several present shook hands with the spirits, and were patted upon the face, hands and other parts of their persons.

But so it is and has been in all past time. The Herschels, Newtons and Franklins have all come up from the humble walks of life, and by their bold researches into the secrets of Nature's laws through untried paths, have immortalized and inscribed their names upon the scroll of fame.

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Execution of Wirz.

We clip the following from the dispatches to our daily papers: WASHINGTON, November 10.

"Capt. Wirz was hung between 10 and 11 o'clock this morning. On the gallows he declared his innocence. He died without exhibiting any symptoms of fear."

"This morning Father Boyle administered the sacrament to Captain Wirz, and Father Wiggett, also of the Roman Catholic Church, then placed upon the prisoner a black cambrie, remarking, as he did so, 'I hope this will be turned into a white one in the other world.'"

The crimes of which Captain Wirz was found guilty were seeking maliciously and traitorously, and in violation of the laws of war, to impair and injure the health and to destroy lives, by subjecting to torture and great suffering, by confining in unhealthy and unwholesome quarters, by exposing to the inclemency of winter and to dews and burning sun of summer, by compelling the use of impure water, and by furnishing insufficient and unwholesome food, of large numbers of prisoners, to wit: The number of about 45,000, held as prisoners of war at Andersonville, within the lines of the so-called Confederate States, on or before the 27th of March, 1864, and at divers times between that day and the 10th of April, 1865, to the end that the armies of the United States might be weakened and impaired, and that the insurgents engaged in armed rebellion against the United States, might be aided and comforted, etc., etc.

The great bridge soon to be built across the Ohio river from Cincinnati to Covington, Kentucky, will be the longest in the world—two thousand feet longer than that over the Niagara river.

A Lady Insulted in Chicago.

We Americans pride ourselves upon our freedom of thought and upon our toleration of the opinions of others. Chicago people are especially tolerant toward all classes and characters. People drink, sleep, talk and write, about as they choose.

"And now a word about the adjective 'good' mentioned in the beginning of this letter. I believe I didn't mean it, for I owe your city authorities a grudge for arresting me on my way to the cars Sunday afternoon, and taking myself and friend (a gentleman) to the station-house, and allowing me to leave half an hour later, without offering an apology even. Such conduct is surely beneath the dignity of so large a city as yours."

Then came very remarkable tests. A lady's muff was taken from her arm and put upon Mr. Eddy's arm, above where his hands were tied, in a few moments.

There were many other manifestations of a minor character. The foregoing facts we unhesitatingly vouch for as coming within our own observation.

While these physical manifestations are interesting as evidence of a power to control and move ponderable substances, they not only reach the sense of feeling, as hands were frequently shown through the diamond hole in the door, but also the sense of touch, as several present shook hands with the spirits, and were patted upon the face, hands and other parts of their persons.

But so it is and has been in all past time. The Herschels, Newtons and Franklins have all come up from the humble walks of life, and by their bold researches into the secrets of Nature's laws through untried paths, have immortalized and inscribed their names upon the scroll of fame.

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From "Mysteries of Our Spring."

London.

But the result failed his expectations. Light his eyes, he would not admit anything. He could not describe anything. He could not describe anything.

Nothing was left left to penetrate the mystery, and to detect the trick, if to detect the de- lusion were not. But every effort to obtain an explanation of the phenomena utterly failed.

Why the Putnamer Castle was Destroyed. We make the following extract from the Atlantic Monthly. We greatly mistake if Robert Dale Owen is not the author.—(Extracts.)

There is, of course, perhaps, a country more rich in legends of haunted houses than Germany. No province has its store of them more drawn by tradition from the obscurity of the past.

In the southeastern portion of Pomerania, at no great distance from the frontier of the provinces of West Prussia, and in the vicinity of the small town of Butow, there stood, in the days of yore, an ancient chateau. It was the ancestral residence of an old Pomeranian family of baronial rank.

His former owner, the Baron von Putnamer, after leading a wild and dissolute life, had expended within his walls, for years previously, many a mysterious story, fragment of a romance, or other tale and incident, had been whispered over the surrounding country, and when at last death arrested the Baron's profligate career, some reports which he had strangled in the devil had taken home his own, as they had long expected.

His estate went to a relative of the same name, who granted the enjoyment of it to his eldest son, who arrived to take possession, not long after the death of the administrator of the deceased Baron's estate.

When this gentleman appeared, the young nobleman eagerly asked if he could furnish any explanation of this strange disturbance.

The door was unlocked and thrown open. Silence and darkness. And when the lights were introduced, not an object to be seen through the gloom, but the old furniture, concealed, glided over the floor.

Buffed for the time, young Putnamer dismissed his attendants and retired to his chamber. Ere long he heard the door of the gallery open, the long footsteps sound on the stairs, the front door creak on its hinges,—and then the roll of the carriage, first over the stone pavement, then along the gravelled avenue, till the sounds gradually died away in the distance.

The next night he was ready dressed and prepared with lights when, about the same hour, the noise of the approaching carriage was heard; he had the lights immediately carried to the top of the stair- way, and he himself half descended the stairs.

all usually received ideas. No, upon examining its character, its lights being by no means the ordinary light, getting up in a glowing atmosphere. But a more accurate and intelligent directing, if we are to receive and interpret them literally, the particular return from the world of spirits, of some of its tenants, restless and agitated. Was this the machinery a mystery was likely to select?

Such are the difficulties which attend the hypothesis of a converted plan of description. They will be overlooked by those who have made up their minds that communications from this world and the next are impossible, and who will content themselves with pronouncing that, though they cannot detect the mode of the imposture, yet the imposture of some kind or other it plainly must have been.

But not the least, the facts, if facts they be, remain to be dealt with. And if in fact they be, whether as objective reality, or as mere imagination, whether as objective reality, or as mere imagination, whether as objective reality, or as mere imagination.

Discovery of an Original Treatise on the Aztec Language—Some Curiousities of the Old Race and Tongue. A manuscript copy of a systematic treatise on an ancient Mexican language came to light a few days ago, in the possession of a gentleman who had followed the ordinary course of study at the University of Cambridge, and who had spent some time in Mexico, and in the study of the Aztec language.

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Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it a kind of moral beauty. Let the dew of knowledge, and the light of virtue, waft it in richest fragrance and in purest bliss."

A STORY OF THE WEST.

BY ANNIE M. WHITE.

Miles away from any city, where the noisy engine had never yet shrieked by on fiery wings, dwelt a few families of simple people, to whom the cars, horse-drawn and tolls of large towns were unknown.

Here they were as one family—a long distance off stretched the busy city where they found a market for their produce, and bought in return their own supplies.

"Oh, Harry—where can I hide—are they close?" "What are you afraid of?" said Harry, coolly. "They will not harm us—they have been at my father's lots of times. I'm not a bit scared."

"But I am—for"—he paused, for he was ashamed to tell his pure-hearted playmate of the many mean pranks he had played upon those dark-skinned visitors.

"I will run home and hide in the cellar," he suddenly broke out with, and away he flew for the house. The Indians rode swiftly on till they reached the clump of trees where they had seen the boy—for their eyes are keen—and one of them sprang from his horse, while the others drew up and waited his return.

"Oh, do not kill me!" he cried. "Me want money—pretty things," said the man, with a grunt of scorn at the child's fear.

"I have none—my grandfather will give you some; only go away." "Give me the big chief's money," he said. "I will not!" shouted the boy, suddenly feeling a desperate courage.

"Oh, do not—do not—let me live," Charlie begged piteously. He knew no one could hear him from the village—but what would Harry do? At the thought of him, a wild hope sprang up in his breast, and this made him bolder.

"I will not let the wicked man rob him. Dear mother! she will think of her poor little Charlie, when he has been carried away!" Thus the little fellow reasoned; soon the savage returned with some jewelry which he had discovered. Seizing in his arms Charlie, who had fainted with terror, he stole from the house and joined his companions, and away they sped far over the plains to their lodges miles away.

Charlie now felt as if hope had gone. He remembered how selfish and ungrateful he had been to those friends who had cared for him all his life. Oh, how he wished he had been better. Now he would never see them more, and they could not know how sorry he was.

When Harry ran home, he roused the village with his story, and as quickly as preparations could be made, ten men saddled horses, and set out in pursuit of the Indians. Two days they rode westward, following in their track, guided by an Indian trapper, who lived in the bottom-lands, just below the settlement.

paring front, carrying pies to the oven, and clearing up—just such an afternoon as this Charlie sauntered away to take a walk, for his grandfather and mother had gone to the city to do some shopping.

"I can't climb so high," shouted Charlie in response. "Come up here," said he. "I can't climb so high," shouted Charlie in response.

"You are a mean fellow to poke fun at a boy so, and I just hate you!" was Charlie's angry reply. Harry's answer was entirely lost in the tramp of horses' feet.

"Where, where?" cried Harry, his anger swallowed up by fear of them, for he knew they did not like him. He had made himself hateful to them in all their visits, besides, he never forgot that they hated his grandfather.

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dream night. Some of the young men put on the badge of Uncle Sam, and went. Then came news of the awful slaughter at Pea Ridge, and the cruel deeds of the red men who fought on the rebel side.

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Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man, poor and dejected, stood watching some anglers on the bank of a stream. At length, approaching a basket well filled with fine fish, he signed, "If now I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodging."

"I will give you a good fish," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words. "If you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other, eagerly. "Only tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old fisherman was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. He pulled the line, however, the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number.

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CHILD TRUST.

Two children were playing together up stairs in a well lighted and cheerful apartment. Soon something was desired from the room below—something much coveted by the elder lad—a boy of eight years; but fear prevented his going for it.

An appeal was made to the little one of three summers, who immediately started on his way down the dark stairway, saying softly to himself the while, "Lord, are you there? Lord, are you there?"

And full of childish trust, passed fearlessly down the silent passage, found the bauble and returned, saying, "I was not afraid; the Lord was there!"

KEEP IN GOOD HUMOR.—It is not great calamities that embitter existence; it is the petty vexations, the small jealousies, the little disappointments, the minor miseries, that make the heart heavy and the temper sour.

A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy breaking the Sabbath? The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed: "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe."

The widow of a celebrated musician had inscribed upon his monument: "He has gone where his music can only be excelled." The widow of a pyrotechnist saw this, and had inscribed upon her husband's tomb: "He has gone where his fireworks can only be excelled!"

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

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